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A Delayed Train.

The train had slowed up, stopped, and had gone on again. Once or twice this had been repeated. But now apparently things had come to a permanent standstill.

'What's the matter?' asked Antonia Blackburn of her travelling companion, Lucy Manning, who had made her way to the platform with the crowd, in search of information.

'A cave-in or a snowslide, or something obstructive. At any rate we have to wait here six hours.'

'Here!' questioned Antonia, looking rather blankly at the broad, stretching, snow-covered countryside.

'Yes,' said Lucy. 'There's plenty of it, but it is all a good deal alike.'

The passengers talked and grumbled, then gradually dropped back into the cars, settling down doggedly to the long wait. 'There must be some alternative,' said Antonia, turning distastefully from the contemplation of two apathetic rows of figures with newspapers and magazines held before their faces.

'There is,' announced Lucy, who, as she said, was 'a born reporter.' 'A mile and a quarter away is the town of Cobochonk. The road is pretty fairly broken and it is not so very cold. Suppose we try it?'

'By all means,' agreed Antonia. 'Anything with such a name ought to be interesting.' With much talk and laughter and many tumbles, the two friends struggled through the drifts to Cobochonk.

'It is not metropolitan,' said Lucy, when they stood at last in the main street.

'No, but isn't it pretty?'

Cobochonk was not always called pretty. On this white winter's day, however, its defects and pettiness were covered and transfigured, while the river's sweep of dark waters between spotless banks added a touch of beauty.

'It is evidently a cathedral town,' said Lucy, pointing to a small wooden church at the end of the straggling street. Some men were busy shovelling the path up to the door.

'Are they going to have service to-day, on a Friday?' asked Antonia, a question which Lucy naturally let pass without reply. 'I wonder,' Antonia went on, with a sudden little laugh, 'whether they have a choir master in Cobochonk, and whether he is a nice, amiable person like Professor Oliver; as sure of his own consummate ability; and of the absolute lack of any in everybody else.'

There was a sound in Antonia's voice and a sparkle in her eyes which showed plainly that she had touched upon a sore subject. Still Lucy was silent, which, had you known her better, you would have recognized as peculiar.

'Not that I have anything to say,' she was thinking; 'only I don't care. I wish I knew how to tell her the truth in love. Why is it that musical people can't keep the peace ten minutes at a time, even in church work?' and Lucy sighed a short, involuntary sigh. Antonia heard it.

'What are you thinking about?' she asked.

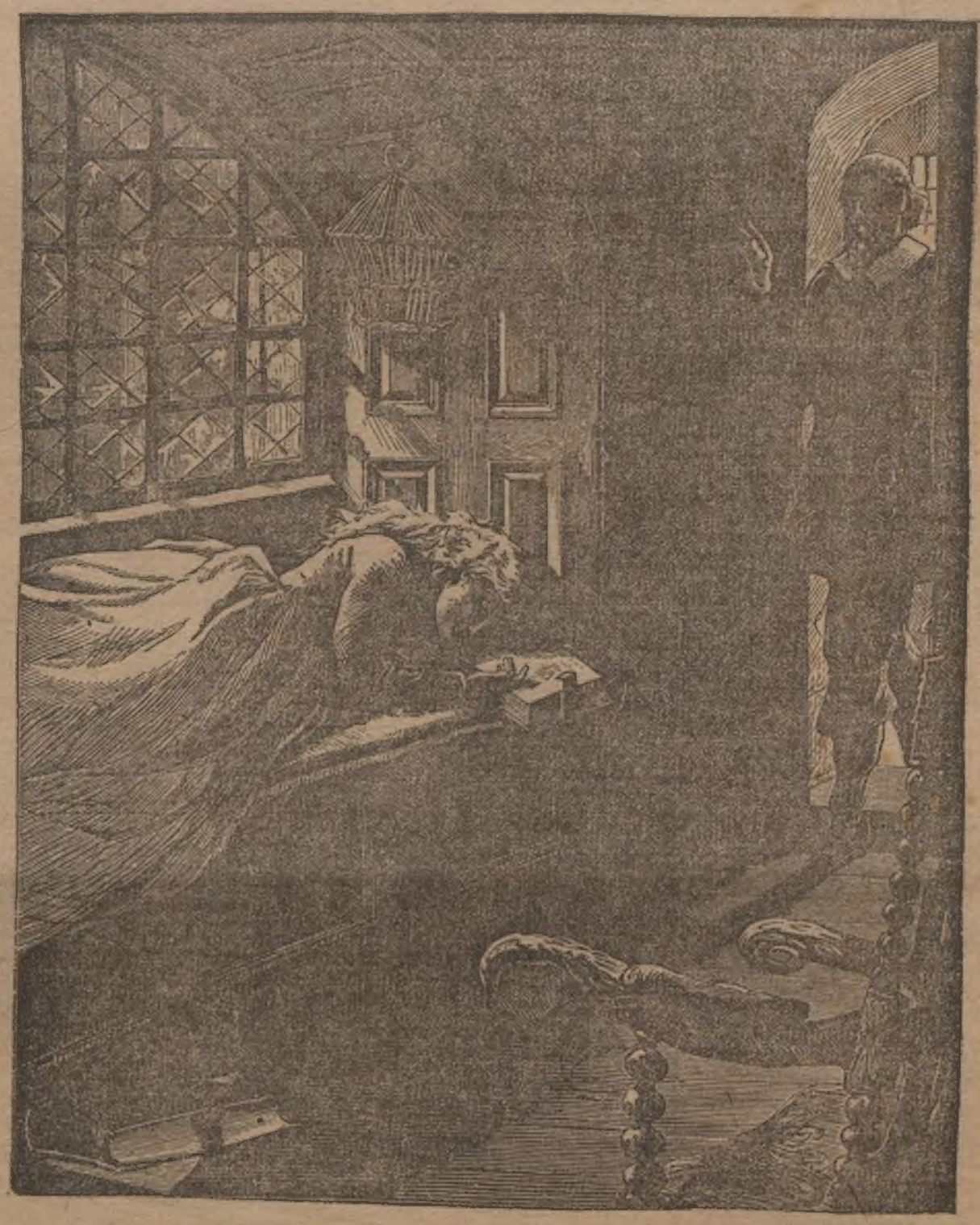
'Several things. What did you say? Choir master? Perhaps they have a choir master of all work here, and so a happy family of one in the organ loft.'

'Lucy Manning,' cried Antonia, irritably, 'you never did take my part properly about the music! I don't believe you care a bit for the way that horrid man hurt my feelings.'

'Poor thing!' said Lucy, laughing hard-heartedly, 'she's nothing but a little faded flower. Well, you see, I can't understand why you have a part. If I were you, I wouldn't be content with anything less than the whole.'

'What in the world do you mean by that? You have such an aggravating way of being fanciful when one wants you to be downright.'

'Oh, don't scold me!' said Lucy, piteously. 'I'm far away from home. Look over there.



Princess Elizabeth in Carisbrooke Castle.

The Princess Elizabeth was the second daughter of King Charles the First; but in spite of the luxury of the court she grew up meek, gentle and unspoiled by indulgence. Before she was six years old her father was at open war with his subjects, and his family was scattered, never to meet again. Princess Elizabeth and her little brother fell into the hands of the Parliament, and seem to have been kept in captivity together. The day before her father's execution she was permitted to pay him a farewell visit, and shortly afterwards was removed to Carisbrooke Castle, which she never left again. She never recovered from the fearful blow of her father's death, and began visibly to droop. The Bible was her best-loved companion, and sure we are that the Father of the fatherless was ever near to the lonely and desolate child. One day she got wet while walking on the bowling-green of the castle, fever set in, and the slender form had no power to stand against it. Her attendants left her, as they thought, to sleep, but when they returned it was the sleep of death. Her face was found pillowed on an open Bible—the Bible which had been her father's last and most cherished present.—'Religious Tract Society.'

Isn't that the smallest house you ever saw? And so many men and women and children all about it!'

They were walking slowly on, and another step or two showed them the black at the door.

'Somebody is dead,' whispered Antonia. They stopped with a hush upon them.

'They are getting ready for the funeral at the church,' said Lucy, piecing things together after her custom. 'What would life be like lived in this town, in that little house? It must have been a solitary life, and it was not a short one. Was it a lonely man or a lonely woman who lived there?'

'A man,' came the unexpected answer.

Turning with a start, they found a half-grown girl standing beside them. Her eyes were red and her face was swollen with weeping.

'It was an old man,' she went on, speaking hurriedly, with a catch of her breath now and then. 'But he wasn't lonely; everybody was his friend. He was so good, better than anybody in the world, I think. I don't know what we'll do without him. It'll never be the same place again.'

'No, it will not,' chimed in another voice, the voice of a woman who had stopped to join their group. 'Nor it ain't the same place that it was before he came, according to hear-say, and according to what I know of my own knowledge.'

'Did he do so much for the town?' asked Antonia.

'Nobody'll ever know how much, till the Lord himself tells. There's men living here and there's men living otherwhere's that was made men by Paul Holmes, after everybody else had left them for beasts. Do you see our church?' pointing it out. 'That's his work. He saved and begged and planned for it, and, most of all, he lived for it, so that the idea stayed in folks' minds, till at last it was bound to come. I don't know, though, as it's done so much more for the town than his own little place where he worked through the week. One wasn't any more God's house than the other was; only sinners could go to him in one on Sundays, and they could go to him in the other every day. They did go, too; many of them went and found him where Paul Holmes was.'

'Will he be buried this afternoon?' asked Lucy, to fill in the pause which came after the woman's speech.

'Yes. At three o'clock.'

'But there'll not be any music,' put in the girl. 'Oh, dear, I can't get over it; it don't seem right when he was so fond of music. You see, he always played the organ himself, and the rest sang. Nobody feels able to do it, without him; I don't know if they'd have the heart for it, anyway, if they could.' She choked and stopped.

Lucy stole a quick look at Antonia. Would she offer? She was always so 'fussy,' Lucy called it, 'about her instrument and her accompanist and ventilation and a dozen other things.'

To-day, however, Antonia remembered none of them. She spoke out impulsively, without waiting. 'May I sing? I think I could without the organ. Please let me try. I should like to do it very much.'

Lucy was half amused, half provoked, to see both the woman and the girl hesitate. 'They are actually doubtful whether to accept what has to be coaxed and pleaded for by the hour in the big town church!' she thought. 'Is it possible that Antonia's solos are going to be snubbed?'

Indeed, the two loyal friends of Paul Holmes were thinking: 'We'd rather have nothing than to have a boggle made over it. If she did anything out of the way we couldn't stand it, and the neighbors wouldn't ever forgive us.'

Antonia, too, recognized the hesitation, but for some reason it seemed natural to her.

'Do you think you can?' asked the woman, peering anxiously into Antonia's face, with a pucker on her own.

'Yes, I think so. I'll do my best.'

Here Lucy interposed with some reassuring words and the matter was settled. An hour later they were waiting in the little church, watching the people assemble.

'Why, Antonia,' said Lucy, 'it is three-quarters of an hour from the time yet, and the church is almost full. Where do the people come from, and what will they do with them all?'

Every available inch of room was taken, and men were standing thick about the door and windows, when the young preacher rose in his place.

'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,' he read. Antonia bowed her head with a sudden rush of tears to her eyes. Never had that Life seemed so real and so triumphant as in the little misshapen church of Cobochonk, with its crowd of weather-beaten mourners, who believed with such full assurance that what was loss to them, was gain to Paul Holmes.

After the Scripture reading there was prayer; prayer that faltered more than once and was often interrupted by the sobs of the people; but through it all there ran the same unbroken note of thanksgiving for the light that had shone more and more unto the perfect day.

Then Antonia sang.

The woman and the girl, sitting in a front pew, had cast many troubled glances in her direction, but at the first sound of the exquisite voice falling softly upon the deepening stillness of the church, the trouble passed.

Lucy, too, drew a breath of relief. She had been afraid; Antonia did not always do herself justice; she got nervous, and it told. 'But this afternoon she is singing her best, God bless her! I am so glad! I couldn't bear to have her fail. Surely,' said Lucy, as she still listened, 'I never heard Antonia sing so before.'

It was true. For once, Antonia had forgotten all about her audience, about herself, her success or failure. She was thinking of Paul Holmes: 'He shall see the King in his beauty; and shall behold the country that is very far off.' With the wonder of the thought upon her, she sang as she had never sung before.

'Jerusalem the Golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppresst!
I know not, O I know not,
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.'

The two girls were obliged to slip away after the singing in order not to miss their train. They had gone but a few steps when they heard some one hurrying after them. It was the girl from the church.

'Oh, it was so beautiful!' she sobbed, stretching out her hands to Antonia. 'I never heard anything so beautiful! I had to run after you to tell you. I think the angels must sing like you.'

A sudden emotion swept over Antonia. She took the sunburned hands in hers and stopped to kiss the homely, loving face. 'No, no! The angels know how little true that is. But I shall always be glad for to-day, an—and better for it. It was a great honor to sing. Good-bye, and thank you.'

The long walk to the station was taken almost in silence. Once or twice Lucy wondered whether Antonia was 'waiting for compliments.'

'But I am not going to give her any,' she thought. 'It would be sacrilege, and I will not.'

At last, as they drew near the station, Antonia spoke. 'I was cross about the choir, Lucy,' she said. 'Forgive me. I am beginning to get a glimmering of what you meant. I have been cross very often; there have been so many things that I didn't understand. But I must learn, and teach Professor Oliver,' she added, with a whimsical little laugh.

The months went by. One day a young man said to Lucy, 'There are no more riots in the choir. What does it mean?'

'I think,' answered Lucy, deliberately, 'that it means that they are singing more to the praise of God than they did.'

'Well, do you know,' said he, 'I have wondered myself whether that could be it. Queer, isn't it? One hasn't altogether connected the idea of worship with our choir.'—'Wellspring.'

Live Out of Doors.

If living out-of-doors is essential to physical health, it is even more essential to moral health. A vast amount of the moral illness in the world is caused by too much indoor life; by keeping too much within ourselves, walking endlessly around the little circle of our own motives, trying to settle the problems of the universe from our own individual standpoint, and treating our personal conditions as if they were the general conditions under which all men live. These and a thousand other forms the disease of egoism takes on, and disqualifies men and women not only from exercising sound judgment and seeing things as they are, but from winning contentment, happiness, and sanity. The man who is perplexed by questions of his own fitness to discharge a duty or perform a task cannot solve it by thinking about it; let him set his hand to the work, put his strength to it, and he will soon discover whether he has blundered or not. And a multitude of people who are allowing their thoughts to brood continuously over their own misfortunes would find a great lifting of the weight if they would get out of themselves. The quickest and most effective way of helping one's self is to help somebody else. When the invisible house in which every man lives begins to darken, open the windows, set the doors wide, and escape at once into the great world. The remedy of egoism is a greater interest in the affairs, fortunes, and happiness of some one else. The world is full of opportunities for getting out-of-doors and escaping from the prison-house of our own experience; to take the sting out of your personal misfortunes, share the misfortunes of others.—'The Outlook.'

'Lo, It Is Nigh Thee.'

The surprise of life always comes in finding how we have missed the things which have lain nearest us; how we have gone far away to seek that which was close by our side all the time.

Men who live best and longest are apt to come, as the result of all their living, to the conviction that life is not only richer, but simpler, than it seemed to them at first. Men go to vast labor seeking after peace and happiness. It seems to them as though it were far away from them; as though they must go through vast and strange regions to get it. They must pile up wealth, they must see every possible danger of mishap guarded against, before they can have peace.

Upon how many old men has come with a strange surprise that peace could come to rich or poor only with contentment, and that they might as well have been content at the beginning as at the very end of life! They have made a long journey for their treasure, and when at last they stoop to pick it up, lo, it is shining close beside the footprint which they left when they set out to travel in a circle!—Phillips Brooks.

Value of Pictures.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER VIII.

While the selected few in Netherborough were dining and drinking, neither wisely nor well, the lower orders—how much lower?—were equally busy, according to their limits, on Netherborough Green. The bountiful supply of roast beef and bread was disposed of rapidly, and several bulky barrels of strong beer were soon exhausted of their contents.

For awhile all went on peaceably and pleasantly. Those who knew when they had had enough or thought they did, strolled off for a walk in the green lanes; or gathered in knots at the street corners, to discuss the new railway in general, and the events of the day in particular.

The worthy vicar, thoughtful man, appealed to the men who had charge of the ale-barrels, not to serve out the liquor to boys and girls, but as the custodians themselves were soon too merry to be wise, the well-meant check was of small value.

In the course of the evening, contingents of farm lads and lasses, farmers' sons, and others from the neighboring villages, joined the roysterers on the Green. At length, the scene that the rising moon looked down upon might well have led her to 'fill the horn' no more, for that process as carried on by the mundane fools upon the Green was an uttermost scandal and disgrace. The stage of mild and good-tempered elevation was soon passed; that of boisterous hilarity and rough-and-tumble horseplay succeeded. Passionate quarrels, reckless mischief, and the mad pranks of drunken license followed.

An epoch in the history of Netherborough! The outcome of that now long-distant day was mourning and misery and shame which not only left their mark behind them, but are themselves in evidence at Netherborough at this day.

And yet at this day, the banquet and the beer; the 'red, red wine,' 'the barrel on the tap,' are the Englishman's established and favorite method of paying honors to a hero, or of celebrating some great deed or day; and drinking healths and proposing 'toasts' is still a fashionable foolery! The devil's game is being played within more decent limits, it is true, but for that result we have to thank the steady and heroic perseverance of the patriots, who, like Walter Bardsley, have borne the Temperance Banner into the heart of the enemy's camp.

When Aaron Brigham reached his own little rose-embowered cottage on the Spaldon Road, he found his supper, a basin of boiled milk and bread, awaiting him.

Esther Harland was anxiously awaiting him, for not only was the milk cooling fast, but the burly-burly in the town made her apprehensive that Aaron's non-appearance at his usual time was because some harm had befallen him.

'O, Aaron,' she said, 'wheriver ha' yo' been? Your bread an' milk's been waitin' for you, I don't know hoo long; and warm milk that's well-nigh cold is a'most as tasteless as warm water. Bless me! hoo wet you are! Is the dew fallin'? Why, your hair's as wet as a dish-cloot. Let me put it in t' oven for you.'

'Bless the woman!' replied Aaron, with a smile and a twinkle; 'what for? You'll ha' to put my head in with it. I'd do a'most anything to oblige yo', Hetty, but I must draw the line somewhere—'

'Ho'd your noise, you dear owd silly. I meant yer bread an' milk, not yer hair,' said Esther, with a laugh, which showed that the air was clear again. 'I was frightened that something had happened to yo'.'

'Something would ha' happened to me if you'd got my hair an' what it grows upon into the oven——'

Hereupon Esther took his hat and stick out of his hand, patted his bald crown in mock punishment, and placed his milk before him, laughing heartily, as she answered:

'Nay! I'm ower glad to see yo' safe an' sound, to put yo' onywhere but in your owd armchair. Noo then, put your supper inside you, an' tell us what you've seen an' heard.'

On Aaron's face a shadow fell. Before the spoon had reached his lips it was lowered again.

'Esther, my gell, I've sen a feyther run away from his own bairn, and I've heard a bairn cryin' its sweet little heart oot wi' a grief that'll kill her some o' these days.' The old man's voice faltered, and tears that do not readily come to the eyes of age trickled down his cheeks.

'Esther,' he continued, 'I wish you would go an' see lanue Kitty Smart. I don't expect her feyther'll go nigh her to-night. He's dead drunk i' Smith's coach-house. I got Jack Kelby an' another to carry him there, an' there he'll stay, I expect, till mornin'.'

'What made yo' meddle wi' him?' said Esther, sharply. 'He's nowt no better than a hog. Let him lie where he tum'les. He isn't worth lifting up.' Aaron said nothing, but he sighed heavily.

'What's that for?' quoth Esther, who had a very tender regard for the old man for all her occasional asperities.

'I'se thinkin', Hetty. What would ha' become o' me, if I'd been left to lie where I fell?'

'You? Don't talk such nonsense. You niver tum'led so low as that, an'—'

'Mebbe not; but who kept me from it, Hetty? I was no mair worth liftin' up than any other sinner.

'"Twas mercy all, immense an' free,
An' O my God, it foond oot Me.'

'Hetty! I'm boond to meddle wi' Tom Smart for the sake o' three folk—three different folks,' continued Aaron, speaking with low emphasis.

'Who's them?' said Esther, curiously, but not grammatically.

'Why, for the sake o' my dear lahtle Kitty, my sweetheart; bless her! I love the little lassie mair than I can tell yo', an' for her sake I'll do my best to save Tom Smart.'

'An' who else's?' said Esther again, with a grudge against Lindley Murray.

'For the sake o' my Lord an' Maister, Jesus Christ,' said Aaron, reverently. 'He came to lift us all up, low as we had tum'led. He spent His life i' liftin' the vilest an' the worst, an' he lifted up a prayin' thief as he was dyin', an' took him with Him—up yonder—where I'm expecting to go when He chooses to lift me up.'

The old man bowed his white head in silence. Esther Harland, good soul, knew she sat in the presence of one who did not need to be lifted much higher to reach the throne. Almost mechanically she asked, 'And for whose sake besides?'

'For my own!' said the old man, suddenly raising his head to look—not Esther only—but the whole world in the face; 'I'll neither be a traitor to Jesus, nor a murderer o' my brother, nor will I put i' peril my own immortal soul. So long as I can call Him my Redeemer, I'll try to redeem somebody. So long as the Hand that bears the nail-prints reaches doon to lift me, this hand o' mine shall reach doon to lift my fallen neighbor, an' if'—here he paused, and looked upon the hard and horny palm, and on the fingers crooked with years of toil—'if it be needful that the nails should be driven here before Tom can be lifted, I'm riddy!'

Leaving the old man to himself, Esther Harland made haste to Smart's cottage to see if she could make matters lighter for little Kitty and the children. If she had met with Tom Smart lying in the street, aye, or in the ditch, I think she would have lifted him up for somebody's sake.

A few days after that great day of the feast, the scholars, teachers, and friends of the Sunday School connected with Zion Chapel, had their annual feast. Tea and cake were provided, and all those delicacies which make public teas in the East Riding so famous, and in a field on the Spaldon road the happy party held high holiday. A light and balmy breeze that drove the clouds along served only to make the weather more delightful, and, as Aaron Brigham said, with a heart as young as the merry youngsters in their play, it was as if the day had been 'made o' purpose,' as indeed it was to such a child-like faith in Providence as his.

Among those who presided at the feast itself none looked fairer, none put on a more genuine guise, none were more popular with the young folks, than Jennie Bardsley. She seemed to be the life and soul of the whole proceedings. Her very presence was regarded as the guarantee of a happy and successful day. The bevy of girls who formed her own Bible-class half worshipped their teacher, and vied with teach other as to which should be her most effective helper in attending to the wants and supplying the amusements of the smaller children, whose appetites for both seemed to be in inverse ratio to their size.

She was seen at her best, perhaps, when surrounded by her youthful companions; a girl among girls, and yet a teacher to be looked up to, and to be loved. Her summer-hued, small-patterned, and simple 'print' dress, set on her tall form to perfection, and the broad-brimmed summer hat that partially hid her wealth of brown hair, and veiled her dark eyes from the sunlight, gave her an added attraction; and there were many in the gala-field that day who doubted whether 'the handsome Vet,' handsome as he was, and popular, deserved to be the owner of so fair a prize.

The fair and merry Jennie had a joke for everybody, and her genial manners and ready speech gave quite a cheery cue that everybody seemed impelled to follow. When the tea was over, who but she must organize the games, deal out the skipping ropes, the hoops, the battle-dores and shuttlecocks, or bind the eyes of those who groped, amid shouts and laughter, in blind man's buff. And she was equal to the occasion. There were those present, however, who thought, and thought rightly, that she was exercising great self-repression. At times, when she was taken unawares, there stole over her pleasant face an anxious look, a look of pain, and at times of positive fear, as if she were under the influence of some sad foreboding, and tremblingly asked, 'What next?'

The worthy pastor of Zion Chapel, Mr. Dunwell, an observant man, had seen this so often in the course of the afternoon, that he felt impelled, with kind intent, as a pastor might well do, to speak to her on the subject.

'Miss Bardsley,' he said, in a low and sympathetic tone when no one was near, 'I'm afraid you carry a heartache to-day, under all your pleasant seeming. Can a true friend help you to bear it?'

Jennie raised her eyes, which were at once filled with tears, and instantly replied.

'You are right, Mr. Dunwell. Thank you for your thought of me. To tell the truth, I'm sad and miserable on account of—'

Here she paused suddenly, and looked in the pastor's face.

A veil seemed to fall over her tearful eyes, giving a certain expression of distrust—no, not exactly that, say, rather of reserve, to her bonnie face, 'Forgive me,' she said in a voice that had a mournful cadence in it, 'I'd rather not tell you. Still I thank you.'

Here was a swarm of little ones out of the infant class gathered round her skirts, and

under cover of their importunity, she turned away. What thought was it that flashed on the mind of Jennie Bardsley, and intercepted the confidence she had begun? What was it she saw, or thought she saw, in the pastor's kindly face that thrust back into her heart all the numbing ache that she thought to lessen by submitting it to the wholesome and soothing touch of a minister of God? What was it?

(To be Continued.)

An Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Courage in Christians means plenty of backbone.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shoots at others and wounds itself.

Foolish fear doubles anger.

God teaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to suffer them.

Just Christians can afford to be merciful.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a grand virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience is quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater foes.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good act.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without lights.—'National Advocate.'

He Knew How.

All was quiet in the invalid's room until a step was heard coming up the stairs. Then a faint voice called:

'Alfred, is it you?'

'No,' answered another member of the family, looking in and approaching the bed. 'But what is it you are wanting? Cannot I do it?'

'I only wanted to be lifted and think I'll wait a few minutes for Alfred to come. He knows just how.'

Alfred was only a boy, a merry, healthy young fellow, full of his studies and outdoor pursuits, wanted on the cricket field with his young friends; but he was no stranger in that sick room. He had thought it worth while to learn 'just how' to minister to the sufferer, and his strong, young arms were the chosen ones to lift the grandmother's wasted, pain-racked form many times daily. Was not that tender little service the very crown of manliness? It was Bayard Taylor who wrote:

'The bravest are the tenderest.'—Selected.

Almonds.

Perhaps you have noticed how much more easily some almonds are cracked and opened by merely crushing two together in your hand, while the shells of others need a sharp blow or nut-cracker. Also how some are long, slender, and 'paper-shelled,' others almost round with a thick shell and tiny holes all over, as if made by pins. So there are several kinds, you see.

The almond tree was first known in Barbary, which is in Asia, also in China. It is grown in the south of Europe in large quantities, and sent to all the northern countries, also in California; but the trees do not bear as many or as good nuts as in the warmer countries.

In England the almond tree is grown for its beauty only. It grows to the height of twenty feet, has spreading branches, beautiful foliage, and pretty white flowers, on some trees red flowers, of five petals, much like our peach blossom. The long slender almonds used by confectioneers are called Jordan almonds. They come from Malaga in Spain. Spaniards make a delicious paste of these nuts, adding a light dusting of cinnamon over each cake.

The bitter almond is still another kind. It is carefully used as a flavor, a perfume, and in medicine. Too much is poisonous even to cattle if they eat the leaves.

The little pistachio nut is also a variety of almond, very small, but of delicate flavor, much in use in all kinds of confectionery and creams. It is of a light green color.

The peach, plum, and cherry are near relations to the almonds, own cousins in fact. They grow fat and juicy all around their nut or seed, while the almond grows thin, until its outer skin, or shell, dries, cracks, and drops off.

The family name of the almond, peach, plum, and cherry is not pretty or easily remembered. If you can remember that they are all of one family it is perhaps enough, without calling them the Amygdaleae.—'N.-Western Christian Advocate.'

Jack's Little Brother.

(Elizabeth K. Hall, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

'I want to go too,' said Bobby.

'We dont't want you,' said twelve-year-old Jack, frankly, 'we shall take the electrics to Kittery; wander around the Navy Yard a while; then cross over to the Newcastle shore and walk to Uncle Roger's. It will be too much of a tramp for a kid like you.'

'I can walk as far as you can,' declared Bobby, stoutly; 'I'm a quarter to eight, and you're a kid yourself. Tom says so!' Tom was the biggest brother of all, so big that he was a Junior at college, and his word was as law to the younger ones.

'Can't I go, please, Mamma? Uncle Roger said "the boys."'

It was the third week of the long vacation, that trying time for young people and older ones as well, when freedom from school work begins to be a doubtful boon, when the 'Fourth' with its dangerous delights is a thing of the past, and the August camping trip still weeks ahead. But a fortunate thing had happened to the Sewall family this year in the arrival at Newcastle—only twelve miles from their home—of Uncle Roger, with his wife and his servants and his dogs, and—last but by no means least—his new touring car. And this best of young uncles had written, 'Let the boys come down as soon as possible and try the new car.'

This message had come only two days before, but no second invitation was needed, and to-day Jack and his chum Harold planned to enjoy this trip, and, as they impolitely expressed it, 'no kids were wanted along.'

'Can't I, please, Mamma dear?' pleaded poor little Bobby, who was the veriest tease in the world.

His mother looked doubtful; and when Mamma hesitated she was lost. The only thing for Bobby was a downright yes or no. Jack saw the danger, and without waiting for the answer slipped quietly away with Harold, and the two were soon speeding towards the upper square, from which point the cars for Kittery started.

'O Mamma,' wailed Bobby, 'they've gone, the mean things! Can't I go? Say quick, Mamma! I can catch them yet.'

Mrs. Sewall looked down the street at the retreating figures, and then at the forlorn little face.

'Yes,' she said firmly, 'you shall go. Here comes a car, Bobby dear. You can take it and reach the square before them. Wait until they come. Tell Jack I gave you permission to go, and he must take good care of his little brother.'

'Well, of all things!' exclaimed Jack in disgust, as the small but triumphant Bobby hailed their approach.

'Yes, I'm going, and you're to take good care of your brother, Jack,' he announced. 'Hurry, the car is just starting. O, not the front seat, please. It's so blowy.'

'I'd spell that word brother with only one r, and that the last one,' growled Jack, and he and Harold proceeded to the front seat, as if small boys and their whims had no existence.

'I won't go there!' said Bobby, 'I'll sit on the last seat, I will!'

And he did, looking very much injured and very lonely, for every one in the car seemed to prefer the front. I can't say he was enjoying the trip, the only comfort being the thought that he would soon be enjoying a different sort of ride, and even this consolation was to be soon taken away.

'Rosemary Junction!' shouted the conductor; 'passengers for Kittery and Portsmouth change here. This car for York.'

Bobby was on his feet, looking anxiously ahead; but the other boys never moved.

'Thought you youngsters were for Kittery,' said the man.

'We've changed our minds. Going to York Beach,' said Jack coolly.

'O!' wailed a small voice in the rear. But there was nothing to do but follow. He didn't dare go alone; so poor Bobby sat down with the tears trickling off the end of his nose. York Beach usually sounded attractive to the little man, but to-day he had other plans; and he felt very much imposed upon.

The big car whizzed on through fragrant woods, over marshy meadows, now swinging around a corner, now roaring across a bridge, until the houses of old York village came in sight; past the village church, the old cemetery, by shops and cottages, until the fashionable summer resort of the harbor was reached.

In spite of everything, Bobby began to enjoy it; and when a pony cart filled with children passed, and the driver, a boy about his own age, waved his white hat in friendly greeting, Bobby responded cheerfully.

Past the lovely summer homes and the big hotels, the car swung recklessly on towards the long beach. What a noise it made, to be sure! Bobby said to himself.

'How I would like to be under it and see the sparks flashing there like fireworks! Hi! one snapped and crackled then,' and he leaned away over the side in his efforts to catch a glimpse of it.

Alas! Just them the car rounded a sharp curve, and poor little Bobby was swung off into space. No one saw it. His scream was drowned in the noise the car made, and no one was the wiser that one small passenger had left it. There were two fortunate things about this accident. One, that he was thrown far enough out to escape injury from the car; the other, that he dropped into a pile of soft sand. But he cried as if every bone in his little body were broken, a dismal, frightened wail that would have touched the hardest heart.

'Chug! Chug! Chug!' An automoblie was coming. That touched another sore spot; and Bobby wailed the louder. It was a great touring car, with four people in it. At sight of the forlorn small boy in the sand, it stopped, and the gentleman sitting beside the chauffeur alighted and came towards Bobby.

'My little man'—he began then—

'Why, it's Bobby! It's my sister's youngest boy,' he called back to the ladies in the car; 'he lives in Dover. Why he should be sitting in the sands o' York, instead of under his own apple trees passes my ken. How was it, Bobby? Are you lost?'

'Lost?' groaned Bobby, 'I'm dropped; I t-tumbled out of the 'lectric car, and Jack and Harold don't know, and I guess they wouldn't care if they did.'

'The poor dear!' said the young lady who had jumped down from the car and joined them, 'how was it they didn't take better care of you, Bobby boy?'

'They were going to Newcastle to see Uncle Roger; and then Jack got mad 'cause I tagged on, and—and they changed and said they'd go to York instead; and I wouldnt sit on the front sea and then ',I dropped off, and no one knew.'

'No matter, Bobby,' said Uncle Roger, cheerfully, as he picked him up. 'You come along with us, and after we've left these ladies at the Marshall House, we'll take you home. Will that be all right?

Right? You should have seen Bobby's shining face as they tucked him in between Uncle Roger and the chauffeur.

But let us go back to those naughty boys on the way to York Beach. Not long after Bobby's tumble the conductor came to the front and said with an anxious face:

'Say, was that youngster on the back seat with you? 'Cause he's gone!'

'Gone?' echoed Jack, 'gone where?'

'Don't know, but he isn't there.'

'Here comes a return car; we must take it,' cried Harold; and the two frightened boys began the homeward trip looking anxiously all along the road.

The electrics of that line have never been accused of going slowly, but it seemed to Jack that afternoon that they crept, and yet he dreaded the home coming.

'Cheer up,' said Harold as they neared the Sewall house, 'he may be all right. P'r'aps he's —Hold on! look at that!'

'That' was a piazza hammock in active motion. All that could be seen of the occupant was two tan-colored legs ending in shabby 'sneakers,' pointing skywards; but there was a dear familiar look to them ,that made Jack gasp, and then sit weakly down on the steps.

The owner of these sneakers, having righted himself, came triumphantly forwards.

'Huh! You thought you'd cheated me out of my auto ride, didn't you? And I went with Uncle Roger after all, if I did tumble out of the 'lectric.'

'Bobby,' said the older brother, looking him over apprehensively, 'when you fell out, did you strike your head?'

'Nuthin' the matter with my head,' said Master Bobby, scornfully. 'I know what I'm talking about. Uncle Rogers picked me up and brought me home. I wasn't hurt a bit—no thanks to you.'

For once Jack had no retort. He was so subdued and thoughtful all the evening that his mother had not the heart to reprimand him.

'Well,' said Bobby, 'if you're not letting him off easy, Mamma! He said I was a brother with only one r!'

'I think he has been sufficiently punished,' said his mother, looking into Jack's face, which seemed to have grown older since morning. 'When I want some one to take special care of you in the future, Bobby dear, I shall put Jack in charge.'

Getting Acquainted at Home.

A young fellow who had got into the habit of spending his evenings from home was brought to his senses in the following way:

One afternoon his father came to him and asked him if he had an engagement for the evening. The young man had not.

'Well, I'd like to have you go somewhere with me.'

The young man himself tells what happened.

'"All right," I said. "Where shall I meet you?'

'He suggested the Windsor Hotel at half-past seven; and I was there. When he appeared, he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. "One I knew quite well when I was a young man," he explained.

'We went out and started straight for home.

'"She is staying at our house," he said.

'I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Windsor under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

'Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and sister.

'The situation struck me as funny, and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smilded. Mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

'It wasn't a bit funny then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed for a little. Then we four played games for a while. When I finally retired, I was invited to call again. I went up-stairs feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking.'

'And then?' asked his companion.

'Then I made up my mind that my mother was an entertaining woman, and my sister a bright girl.

'I'm going to call again. I enjoy their company and intend to cultivate their acquaintances.'—Selected.

What a Boy Can Do.

Emmons Blaine, fourteen-year-old grandson of the late James G. Blaine, a pupil at the Francis W. Parker School, 550 Webster Ave., has made his advent into the business world with the following advertisement in the school paper:

EMMONS BLAINE AND CO.,
Elmhurst, Ill.,
DEALERS IN STRICTLY FRESH EGGS.
Every egg guaranteed.
Orders must be sent in advance.
'Phone Elmhurst 6.

When Emmons started for home yesterday, as he does every Friday to remain over Sunday with his mother, his mind was not on skating or books. He remarked to a friend:

'I wonder if those chickens have laid enough eggs this week to fill these orders. I told mamma to feed them extra well, because since I have advertised our business I have more orders.'

'Who is "we?"' was asked. 'Who is your business partner?'

The boy smiled blandly. 'Why, I've got a good partner, all right. It's my mother. She furnishes the capital and I the experience. You see, I have raised chickens for some time. I started with a pair of bantams, but now we have about forty hens of larger kind that lay big eggs. People don't want bantam eggs.'

At twenty-five cents a dozen for eggs that 'are guarantee,' young Blaine expects to do a thriving business. The public announcement of his business has spread a wave of industry over the school. The other boys have taken up the idea. While few of them can go into the poultry business, many are fondling dimes and quarters that they have earned in the last few days in various ways. The thought that James G. Blaine's grandson is any more ambitious than they would not be entertained by the other boys a minute.

The poultry farm is a part of the Elmhurst home of the boy's mother, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who takes a great pride in her son's hobby.—Chicago 'Tribune.'

Things to Forget.

(R. T. Stanton, in the 'Standard.')

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day,
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display,
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to coy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

A Lancashire Cat.

Officials of the Blackburn Corporation Electricity Works tells the following story:

A cat living at the power-house was asleep in the rim of a fly-wheel, when the engines were started, and for five hours pussy was whirled around at the rate of sixty miles per hour. When at length the engines stopped, the cat jumped down from the wheel, staggered about confusedly for a few seconds, and then walked quietly to its corner, none the worse for its extraordinary experience!

The Tallest Princess.

The Crown Princess of Denmark has the distinction of being the tallest and the wealthiest Princess in Europe. She inherited something like three millions from her maternal grandfather, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, as well as the bulk of the fortune of her father, King Charles of Sweden and Norway. She stands over 6ft. in height, and is an imposing figure.—Selected.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

LITTLE FOLKS

Teasing Tim.

'Come, Reuben, you will be late for school,' said his mother. 'Let me see that you are tidy before you start. No; you must put on a clean collar and brush your cap.'

'It is no good my being tidy,' said Reuben; 'I shall meet Tim Brown on the way, and he always does something to get me into a scrape. Yesterday he threw my cap into a muddy pond; and then the schoolmaster scolded me. It was not fair.'

'GO ON! TAKE A BITE!'

'You two boys are always fighting. Why cannot you be friends?' said little Nellie, with a wise air.

'I cannot be friends with Tim: he is such a tease,' said Reuben. 'He does everything he can to make me cross.'

'But you should not get cross,' said his mother. 'That only makes him worse. You should laugh, and try to take it all as a joke. Then he will get tired of teasing you.'

'Do you think so?' asked Reuben.

'I am sure of it,' said his mother.

'Well, I will try,' said Reuben. It was not easy at first to meet Tim's rather rough jokes with good temper. Reuben was not used to such ways, for until he went to school he had lived a good deal alone with his mother and sister. But he did his best, and when Tim saw that Reuben was ready to laugh back at his jokes, he found that it was not nearly such fun to tease him.

The boys were almost the same age, and lived near each other, and by-and-by they became more friendly.

One day as they were on their way home from school, Nellie, who had mounted on the garden-roller, peeped over the wall.

'Catch!' she called out, and she threw an apple, which rolled on the ground between the two boys.

Both made a grab at it, but Reuben was the one who got hold of it. Tim quite expected to see him eat it up at once, but, to his surprise, Reuben put out his arm.

'Take a bite!' he said.

Tim thought this was only a trick to tease him, and that directly he got near enough Reuben would snatch away the apple, as he knew he would have done in his place.

But no; Reuben still held it out to him.

'Go on; take a bite!' he repeated.

Thus urged, Tim opened his eyes and his mouth very wide, meaning to take a grab at the fruit before it could be snatched away. But there was no need of such caution. Reuben let him take a good bite, and then the boys finished the apple share and share alike.

'I say, you are a good sort,' said Tim: I vote we are chums.'

Reuben was quite willing and he found after this that there was no need to complain of any tiresome tricks of 'Teasing Tim.'

'Leading Strings,' Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

The Muskrat's Winter Home.

All summer Mitty Muskrat had lived in a big cave in the bank just above the pond. One day in October she was delighted to hear that it was time for the family to build their winter house.

Soon after sunset one night she started out with her mother; they crossed the pond swimming with their fore feet tucked up under their throats, and using their broad flat tails as rudders. Mitty, indeed, was in such a hurry that she wriggled her tail from side to side like a tadpole.

They entered the ditch which led into the swamp, but soon left it, and, making their way through mud and grass for a short distance, suddenly came upon several muskrats building a platform of sticks upon some alder roots.

The house itself was begun by weaving green twigs, flags, and reeds into a kind of fence around a circular enclosure. Mitty helped fetch reeds from the swamp all night. She slept all the next day, and did not awaken until after sundown. With several companions she went out to get food. Some dug yellow lily roots, towed them ashore, and feasted on their crisp white centres. Mitty fancied a rush-banana. Diving to the bottom of the pond, she bit off a big rush, carried it to her usual eating-place, sat up on her hind legs, and began

to peel it, holding it in her paws and biting off the end of the soft white pith, as if it were really a banana.

Suddenly one of her companions plunged noisily into the pond. This was a signal that danger was near. Although Mitty could see nothing, she dropped her supper and dived into the pond. An instant later Slyfoot, the weasel, appeared on the bank, disgusted that his prey had escaped. Swimming under water, Mitty, with a few swift strokes, reached home.

That night the rain fell in torrents, and no one worked on the new house. Muskrats are not afraid of rain, their coats being quite water-proof; but the heavy clouds made the night pitch-dark, and they preferred to wait for moonlight.

When the weather was again pleasant, the house progressed rapidly. A dome-shaped structure was formed of interlaced reeds, and plastered on the outside with mud which the builders mixed with their paws and smoothed with their tails. On the top the reeds were more loosely woven and not so thickly covered with plaster, so that air might enter, There was no door above water; a passageway led from the upper into the lower one, and this room opened directly into the water.

One night it began to rain, and the children said gayly, 'This will make a pond of the meadows.' And, indeed, it did. A neighbor's house was swept away. Their own soon followed. The children mourned; but the elders said; 'How fortunate that the flood came early in the season? Now we have time to build again before winter!'

Then it suddenly grew cold. The ground froze, and the ice formed on the pond.

'How can we build a house now?' wailed the children.

'Wait a little,' replied the elders, 'it is too early for winter yet; we shall have another warm spell.'

Sure enough, Indian summer soon came, with mild days and clear moonlight nights. How fast the muskrats worked on a new house! Every one did as much as he was able.

The new house was larger than the old one, and had another chamber on top, quite high above the water. When it was completed, the muskrats moved in. Then the water froze over, and their only escape from the pond was through the brook.

One day there was a great noise overhead. All the muskrats rushed downstairs into the water. Through the ice they could see figures moving swiftly about. They were boys skating on the pond. Now two of them were pounding on the muskrat house. It was frozen so hard that after a time they went away. The next day they came back with sharp instruments, and tore away the earth and reeds of the roof. Then they put a queer iron thing in the chamber, and went off. Three-toes called it a trap the moment he saw it, and said a similar one had once stolen his other toes.

So all the muskrats fled from the house, and, as it was impossible to build another, they were obliged to live in their summer caves on the shore.

'How fortunate for us,' remarked Mitty's mother cheerfully, 'that our old home is so high up in that bank that it is not flooded! We can keep quite comfortable there until spring.—'Holiday Magazine.'

Sir Peter Bunny.

Sir Peter, you must know, was a little white plush rabbit, with dainty pink ears and very bright eyes, who came to Don on his third Christmas.

Don was very fond of animals of all kinds. Old Tiger, the house cat, was a special favorite, because he was always ready to be petted, and he had long since learned to trust little Don, who never cared to torment kitty in any way, only to love him. Grandpa's horses came in for their share of attention, also; but neither Tiger nor the horses could be cuddled and taken to bed nights, as could Sir Peter, and so he found a very warm place in little Don's heart. It was a pretty sight to see the little fellow asleep in his crib, with rosy cheeks and a tangle of golden hair, while one chubby little hand clasped Sir Peter, as he lay on the pillow beside his playfellow.

Bunny always breakfasted with Don; and it was very amusing to see him seated demurely on the tray watching every mouthful, and by no means slighted, as many a choice bit was offered to him; and even though he quietly refused to eat, every one seemed satisfied. Sir Peter had played with Don more than a year; he had taken part in a number of parades, when the various other animals belonging to the nursery were marshalled into line; he had coasted downhill in the winter and driven through the country in the summer.

And taking it altogether there never were faster friends than Sir Peter and Don.—Helen Clifton, in 'The Child's Hour.'

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma

Just like the big folks have, but so simple. Directions clear and easy to follow.

Diagram to show how to lay pieces on the cloth so as to cut your goods to advantage; made to fit a doll from 12 to 15 inches high, but may be cut off or on to fit almost any size. Three to six garments in each set.

Any mother of little girls will welcome these patterns as a really useful gift. Children's pennies are better saved to buy one of these than spent in sweets.

The cut represents one of these Sets, and gives a good idea of the general make-up of the patterns.

SET I.—Child doll's outdoor suit, with cape and bonnet.
SET II.—Girl doll's outdoor suit, with jacket and muff.
SET IV.—Girl doll's indoor suit, with pinafore.
SET V.—Doll's party dress with cloak.
SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.
SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.
Set XI.—Girl doll's sailor suit.
SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.

BOY DOLL'S SAILOR SUIT.

Any one of these sets may be secured by giving carefully the number of the set desired, and adding five cents to any other order sent into this office. Separately, the price must be 10 cents, the same as larger patterns, unless four or more sets are ordered at once, in which case the price is five cents for each set.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Any two sets of these patterns will be sent free to one old subscriber sending in one NEW subscription to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents. If a set chosen is out of stock at the time, we will send the one most like it.

Correspondence

B., Vt.

Dear Editor,—This is a very pretty place. A river runs through here. There are nice schools here, about nine of them. The largest one is named Spaulding. I go to that one. I am in the 7th grade, and will be 14 years old in April.

There is some nice skating here. They have been cutting ice, and taking it in this week. We can see them from here, our house is right across the road. My father is a stonecutter. I have two brothers, and no sisters. I received 30 presents at Christmas. I spent six weeks in Canada this summer, and liked it very much.

GERTRUDE GEAKE.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a little letter to the 'Messenger.' I wanted to surprise papa and mamma. I am at grandpa's. I have two sisters and no brothers. Sister Elsie, six years old, got hurt by a waggon-load of gravel. We were coming home from school, she was running beside a waggon, and slipped, the waggon went over her leg. She has been on the bed for three weeks. I do love the 'Messenger.' I get it every Sunday. I like to read the letters. We live on a larm, and I like the horses and cattle. I can hitch up a horse and drive to the post-office. I drove the horse on the hay fork all last summer holidays for papa and Uncle Will. I am eight years old.

GERTRUDE A. TREFFRY.

O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl; I was ten years old last June. I have two brothers, they are younger than myself; their names are Johnnie and Earl. We have nearly two miles to go to school, so we can't go when roads or weather are bad. We live on a farm, so we always have lots to do. I close with a riddle: What word is it which by transposing two letters becomes its own opposite?

EFFIE BURNS.

[Your other riddles have been asked, Effie.—Ed.]

R., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I have a little sister. Her name is Bessie May. We live on a large farm. My sister and I go for the mail in the summer time, and are pleased to see if the 'Messenger' is there, as we are fond of stories. We live a mile from a town on the C. N. R. We have about a foot of snow here. We get our mail every day. We have two cats and a dog. His name is Collie. We have 18 horses now.

WILL TURNBULL.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As it is a long time since I have seen any letters from D., I think I will write one. I have been in the fourth class for two years now. I am eleven years old.

There are four stores, a blacksmith's shop, a butcher's shop, and a carpenter's shop in D. There are two new houses being built this winter. A branch of the G. T. R. passes through here.

I think now I will answer some riddles. The answer to Marjorie Mackenzie's riddle is a bed. To M. E. C.'s the answer is, 'he struck the first nail on the head.' Harry A. Robinson's answer is, because Moses was never in the ark. To G. M.'s first riddle, the answer is, 'wet stones.' To Morton MacMichael's the answer is, 'wholesome.'

At Christmas I got two story-books, besides other presents. One of them was 'Under Drake's Flag,' and the other 'Among Malay Pirates.' Both were written by G. A. Henty. I have now got ten books, eight of them written by G. A. Henty.

DONALD MACLEOD.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have an old horse, who is twenty-three years old, and he has more life in him than any of the rest. Nearly every day I ride out to the mail box on horse back. I like looking over the correspondence page. The last time I wrote I was in grade four, but I passed my examination since then.

FREDERICK E. BERGMAN.

B. G., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. My father is the Presbyterian Minister. I go to church every Sunday. Winter has come again, and we have great times sliding down hill. I go to school every day. I like my teacher very much. For pets I have hens, and a horse named Jess. I am able to drive her myself.

MARY KALEM.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Mary.—Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Girl.' Lena Grainger (age 10), H., Ont.
2. 'A Squirrel.' Irene Dryden (age 9), S. A., Man.
3. 'Ready for St. Valentine.' Wallace McBain (age 8), O., Ont.
4. 'Rooster.' Eileen Smith (age 8), M., P., Que.
5. 'Star Face.' Frederick E. Bergeman (age 9), P., N. S.
6. 'Zebras Drinking.' David Ker (age 12), P. Q.
7. 'On the Doorstep.' M. S. F., (age 14), O., Ont.
8. 'On Horseback.' Julia Meeker (age 12), D., Alta.

OTHER LETTERS.

Winford Gifford, A., Ont., has three brothers, a baby sister only five months old, a pet cat, and a gramaphone. Let's hope he doesn't set them all going at once.

Lizzie Haines, P., Man., answers two riddles whose answers have since been given, and sends in this: It was Done before it was begun, and when it was half way on it was Done. But when it was finished it was not Done. Lizzie thinks the drawings good.

Emma Struth, M., Mich., also thinks the drawings good. Emma is a life-long friend of the 'Messenger,' for she is only eleven, and the 'Messenger' has been a visitor to her home for thirteen years.

Jessie M. Macfie, D., Ont., sends in this riddle: What is that, which, supposing its greatest breadth is four inches, length nine inches, height three inches, yet contains a solid foot?

Carrie Gray, B., Ont., lives very near the Kempenfeldt Bay, which makes a fine skating rink all winter.

Mary B. McCara, E., N.S., is another fortunate girl in a different way. She has five brothers and five sisters. What good times they must have.

Gladys Berry, P., Man., likes guessing the riddles. She sends two correct answers, but the riddle enclosed has been asked before. Gladys says their Sunday School had an entertainment at Christmas. 'We all had a sleigh ride, and a good time.' They generally do go together, don't they?

Hattie C. MacDonald, R., N.S., sends two riddles, but they happen to have been asked before. Glad to hear from you, Hattie.

Here is another letter with a riddle already asked, from John Haskey, H., C.B. There is no teacher at his school, so they have no school. What funny names for your cats, John, 'Poonus' and 'Ozone'!

Julia Meeker, D., Alta., also sends in riddles already asked. Thank you for your good opinion, Julia.

Sidney E. Williams, T., Ont., answers M. E. C.'s riddle correctly. Yes, your question is a good one, Sidney, but it has been asked before.

Ivor Hammal, A., Man., says that there are snow banks five and six feet high round his home. Fine to jump in, aren't they, Ivor?

G. R. Laidlaw, P., Ont., guesses a riddle, but it is not quite right.

Mamie J., W., Sask., lives four and a half miles away from school; no wonder she can't get there regularly.

We also received little letters from Blanche B. Kilborn, E., Ont.; Carrie Fleming, W. S., N. S.; and Maggie Baragar, F., Ont.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

When a boy sells the 'Pictorial' in October, November and December, sells fifty copies of January by the fifteenth of the month, having received them about the eleventh, and orders ahead eighteen for February, it looks as though he had found a good thing, doesn't it? Just read the letter:—

Jan. 15, 1907.

Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed one dollar and eighty cents for one dozen and a half of February issue of 'Canadian Pictorial.' I received the stamp, many thanks; and the fifty-three copies of January, O.K., and have them nearly sold—only three left. I would like the fountain pen for the dozen and a half just ordered. Hoping to receive same by return mail, I remain,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM BARBER MOULTON.

That Stamp is a rubber stamp, with name and address, that we sent as a bonus over and above other discounts and premiums, when our friend's orders had reached the one hundred mark. The offer holds good for you, too. Write us for a package and full instructions.

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LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 17, 1907.

Lot's Choice.

Genesis xiii., 1-13.

Golden Text.

Take heed and beware of covetousness.—Luke xii., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 11.—Gen. xiii., 3-18.
Tuesday, Feb. 12.—Gen. xiv., 1-12.
Wednesday, Feb. 13.—Gen. xiv., 13-24
Thursday, Feb. 14.—Gen. xix., 2-22.
Friday, Feb. 15.—Ps. cxxxiii.
Saturday, Feb. 16.—Prov. i., 10-23.
Sunday, Feb. 17.—Prov. iv., 1-22.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Abram probably followed the great desert highway which still exists between the East and Damascus, the very same, probably, that his grandson Jacob took in his flight from his angry brother. To all outward appearances, Abram's company probably exactly resembled the caravan which the traveller in the East sees to-day. There were the camels, 'ships of the desert,' bearing their precious freight of women and children, besides provisions and merchandise. There were the flocks and herds and their attendants, besides the armed guard. The oak or oak grove of Moreh in Sichem is the first-mentioned camping-place of the patriarch within the bounds of the promised land. Abram's first recorded act is significant. Columbus, standing on the shore of the New World, unfurled the standard of Ferdinand. Abram, coming into Canaan, built an altar to God. So it became his custom. 'Where Abraham had a tent, God had an altar.' These became a series of 'sermons in stone' to the idol-worshipping Canaanites.

The first mention made of Abraham on his return from his enforced sojourn in Egypt is concerning his wealth. The statement of the artless narrative is simply, 'Abraham was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold.' God's promises of temporal blessings had an early fulfilment. Kitto's computations are curious rather than reliable. On the data of the possessions of Jacob and Job he estimates Abraham as having between eight and nine thousand head. Of course, such immense herds and flocks would imply a correspondingly large number of attendants. From the incident of the equipment of three hundred and eighteen men for war it may be figured that there were something over a thousand men in the camp, not to mention women and children.

Up to this time Abraham and Lot had shared the pleasures and hardships of their pilgrim life. But now the herds of both had increased 'so that the land was not able to bear them that they might dwell together.' So, as sometimes occurs to this day, the herdsmen became rivals, and strove for pasture and water. In this incident Abraham's character shines resplendent. Two thousand years before Christ he showed the Christian spirit when he said to Lot, 'Let there be no strife between me and thee and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen: for we be brethren:' Nor are these mere words. Abraham backs them up. He waives his right. The land was his. It was all his. Yet in noble magnanimity he said to Lot: 'Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left.'

Lot's selfishness crops out. He took advantage of Abraham's generosity. He cast his eye on the well-watered plain of Jordan, and chose it. He journeyed east. It was not long before he exchanged pastoral life for urban. He attempted the impossible. A double service—God and riches—met the inveterate and historic outcome.

Another incident in the career of Lot is the occasion of the display of new traits in the admirable character of Abraham: decision, bravery, military skill. Lot is in trouble. The very wealth he coveted and the richness of the land he chose was the cause of it. A rumor brings tidings of a predatory incursion and of Lot's captivity. Abraham determines his course instantly. Lot must be rescued. Three companies of trained servants, born in his camp, are armed; and Abraham takes command in person. Strategy gains a victory. Generosity declines the spoils.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Abraham's, a caravan extaordinary.
   Route and appearance.
   Significance of first act.
   An altar on arrival.
2. Abraham's wealth.
   Estimates.
3. Abraham and Lot.
   Relations.
   Effect of increased clans and herds.
4. Abraham's magnanimity and generosity.
   How shown.
5. Lot's selfishness.
   How shown.
6. Lot's danger.
   Abraham's rescue.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Biography composes a large part of Scripture. God's Book has a deal by man in it. It is well it is so. Men of the Bible stand for ideas; Abel, innocence; Noah, obedience; Jacob, persistence; Moses, law; Aaron, worship; Joshua, courage; David, praise; Solomon, wisdom; Jeremiah, patriotism; Paul, zeal; John, love. Thus God teaches by example. Example is better than precept.

* * * *

Want a boy to love his country, give him the life of a patriot; to be successful in business, give him the life of one of the 'Captains of Industry.' So God deals with His larger children: give us examples. Good for imitation, bad for avoidance.

* * * *

So, in studying Bible characters we are not to entertain ourselves with trivial incident, but find what they stand for, the virtue or the vice they incarnate.

* * * *

Biography of the Bible reaches its highest note in the life of Jesus. Christianity, in final analysis, is the religion of a Person; not of a dogma, creed, or system of theology or ecclesiasticism. At heart of it is the Person. Truth is so shrined in Him that He could say, 'I am Truth.'

* * * *

There is one little passage in the account of Abram's entrance to the promised land. It might escape the superficial reader, but is worthy of attention. 'And the Canaanite was then in the land.' The patriarch came into the land the Lord had indicated to him, only to find it pre-occupied. He might have reasoned, 'How can I ever, with my paltry band, drive out these warlike nations?' The incident seems not to have given him any concern. Fact is, he was not reasoning. He was trusting.

* * * *

Again, there was something besides Canaanites. 'There was a famine.' What, in the land which was to flow in milk and honey! Abraham did not fret. He did the wise thing. He went to Egypt on a visit.

* * * *

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 17.—Topic—An easy life versus a hard one. II. Tim. iii., 1-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GODLINESS.

Monday, Feb. 11.—The happiness of the godly. Ps. i., 1-3.

Tuesday, Feb. 12.—The unhappiness of the ungodly. Ps. i., 4-6.

Wednesday, Feb. 13.—Avoid wicked men. Prov. iv., 14-19.

Thursday, Feb. 14.—Delight in God's word. Ps. cxix., 77.

Friday, Feb. 16.—Meditate on God's word. Ps. cxix., 15.

Saturday, Feb. 16.—The wicked and the good. Ps. xxxvii., 34-38.

Sunday, Feb. 17.—Topic.—The first Psalm and its lessons. Ps. i.

How to Win Attention.

There are certain principles that will help the teacher who takes thought upon his duty of being interesting.

(1) Enthusiasm: The teacher must be interested himself. An evident interest and enthusiasm will go far towards winning the attention of others. Men have been known to gather a crowd about them on the street simply by standing still and gazing up into the sky, although there was nothing unusual there to be seen.

(2) 'Put yourself in his place:' The teacher must try to look at things from the pupil's point of view, in order that he may find a point of contact for his teaching.

(3) Arouse the pupil's self-activity: The teacher must try to make the pupil think and reason about things that are within his range and are worth thinking and reasoning about.

(4) Use the pupil's characteristics: Children have curiosity, imagination, dramatic instinct, and a love for the concrete rather than the abstract; the very restlessness that gives so much trouble is a God-given characteristic to keep the child from a one-sided development. These characteristics must be remembered and made use of, if interest is to be aroused and attention claimed.

(5) Use illustration. Whether stories or some other form, illustration is the vital approach to truth.

(6) Apply to the pupil's lives: The construction of a beautiful theory, or the separation of some fact which can be boxed and put up on a shelf for possible future use is not enough. Much teaching is of little effect because the pupil is not made to see what is the use of it all. The lesson for the day must, so far as possible, be made into food and drink for the pupil's daily life.—Winifred Chesney Rhoades, in the 'Pilgrim Teacher.'

A Successful Teacher of Boys.

A writer in the 'Baptist Teacher' tells of a teacher who has in his desk twelve small note-books with the name of a different boy in his class written on the front cover of each book. He has those books before him when studying the lesson, and they are at hand all the time, for he sits at his desk most of the time. When he thinks of anything that would be particularly helpful to a certain boy in his class he jots it down in his book. He makes notes of the characteristics of that boy. When he discovers any little peculiarity of temperament he puts it down in the books. He studies that boy just as a doctor studies a patient.

Now, if this teacher limited his teaching to the thirty or forty minutes devoted to that work in the Sunday school, his individual record-books might not be very helpful, but he does a good deal of teaching during the week. He does it by writing letters, by personal calls, by having the boys in groups at his home as well as by having them there as a class.

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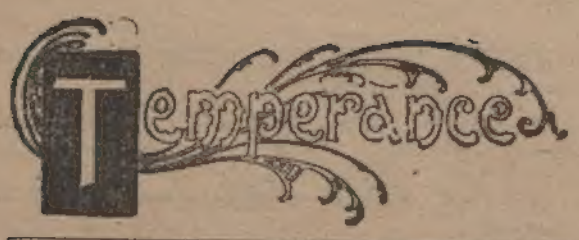

'The Day Shall Declare It.'

I. Cor. iii., 13.

You can never tell when the seed may fall
Into a heart prepared, where it shall abide;
Though you thought, perchance, you had lost it all
When you scattered it by the highway side.
But you will tell when the harvest's past,
When the sheaves are gathered from many a field,
When the heavenly garners are full at last,
And the praise of the day to Christ you yield.

You may never hear of the good you've done,
As you labored and toiled with weary brain,
When you thought that never a soul was won,
And that all your strength was spent in vain.
But you will hear at the morning's break,
When the tidings spread on the other shore,
When the saved are gathered, and saints awake,
When the laborer rests, and his toil is o'er.

You may never know how your song was used
When its sweetest note to you seemed lost;
When the young and the old would be 'excused,'
And loved the world and its pleasures most.
But you will know when the song begins,
The glory-song in the land of light;
When sinners, cleansed from all their sins,
Join in His praises day and night.

You may never see what your life has wrought,
Humble and earnest, kind and true,
Although you thought it was spent for nought,
And the Master had little need of you.
But you will see with undimmed eye,
On the day when the Lord brings home His own,
That the humbled life He ne'er passed by,
If only, for Him, it was made a throne.
—J. D. H., in the 'Christian World.'

Abraham Lincoln's Opinion.

The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will aggravate the evil. There must be no attempt to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated, not a root must be left behind, for until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink.

Giants Slain by Drink.

(The Rev. C. F. Aked, in the 'National Advocate.')

It is not the rough and uneducated only that the drink demon claims for his victims. From pole to pole of human life he holds his ruthless sway. There is no depth of mortal wickedness he does not plumb, no height of intellect he does not scale. From the maudlin creatnre in Whitechapel, to men of world-wide fame, whose genius has shone starlight in the heaven of lofty thought, no rank or class escapes him. What names on history's dead roll are stained by the vice of drunkenness! Among the older poets, Parnell, Cowley, and Prior were slaves of the cup. Addison's powerful brain reeled under the influence of strong drink. Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, was mastered by it. Theodore Hook was wrecked and ruined by his criminal indulgence. Hartley Coleridge, son of the great metaphysician and poet, nephew of Southey, friend and favorite of Wordsworth, possessing something of the genius of each, was reduced to miserable decreptitude by intemperance. The giant memory of Edmund Kean gave way beneath it. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, orator, dramatist, statesman, wit, with gift and faculty almost divine, the friend of princes, the idol of peers, died in a garret, a broken down, miserable old wretch, the bailiffs waiting only until the breath was out of his stormbeaten body to arrest the corpse—and that was drink!

Charles Lamb's deplorable servitude to the bottle has been told us with a disgusting fidelity by himself. Campbell, whose verse has the ring of the clarion, and the roll of the ocean, was a drunkard. The weird, fantastic genius of Edgar Allan Poe was not proof against the blight—he died mad drunk. Burns, strange mixture of gold and filth, was a 'lost laddie' by reason of intemperance—that fatal Globe Tavern brought him to his grave. William Pitt, the younger, lost his health and strength in dissipation. And Byron, the most famous Englishman of his generation, died in the prime of manhood, alone on a foreign shore, affording one more terrible tragic proof that a man who sows to the flesh must of the flesh reap corruption.

Twenty Reasons for Opposing the Saloon.

1. It never builds up manhood, but tears it down.
2. It never beautifies the home, but often wrecks it.
3. It never increases one's usefulness, but lessens it.
4. It never allays the passions, but inflames them.
5. It never stills the tongue of slander, but loosens it.
6. It never promotes purity of thought, but poisons it.
7. It never empties almshouses and prisons, but fills them.
8. It never protects the ballot box, but defiles it.
9. It never makes happy families, but miserable ones.
10. It never prompts to right doing in anything, but to wrong.
11. It never prepares one for Heaven, but for Hell.
12. It never diminishes taxes (with all its revenue), but increases them.
13. It never renders the Sabbath quiet, but desecrates it.
14. It never protects our property nor personal safety, but endangers them.
15. It never helps one to get a good insurance policy on his life, but militates against it.
16. It never creates ambition and thrift, but invites laziness, profligacy, poverty, idleness and crime.
17. It never builds up the church, but peoples the station houses, prisons and chain-gangs.
18. It never refines character nor promotes Christian grace, but is a destroyer of the soul.
19. It never teaches honesty and uprightness, but invites the incendiary to apply the midnight torch.
20. It never protects a man, but robs him of his money, his family happiness, his good name, his hopes, and all endearments of life —Selected.

Charles Lamb to Young Men.

Charles Lamb, one of England's great writers, was a hard drinker. Listen to his sad wail:

'The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I could cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about him the piteous spectacle of his own ruin. Could he see my feverish eye—feverish with the last night's drinking and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry, hourly with feebler outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.'

'A Temperate Use of Good Liquors.'

'A glass of beer can't hurt anybody. Why, I know a person—yonder he is now—a specimen of manly beauty, a portly six footer; he has the bearing of a prince. He is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of youth; and now, at the age of fifty-odd, he has the elastic step of our young men of 25, and none more full of wit and mirth than he; and I know he never dines without a brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, with plenty of champagne; and more than that, he was never known to be drunk. So here is a living exemplar and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of an occasional glass, and the destructive effects of a temperate use of good liquors.'

Now it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy drinking was a relative or ours. He died a year or two after that with chronic diarrhoea, a common end of those who are never drunk, but never out of liquor. He left his widow a splendid mansion uptown, and a clear five thousand a year, besides a large fortune to each of his children, for he had ships on very sea, and credit at every counter, but which he never had occasion to use.

For months before he died—he was a year dying—he could eat nothing without distress; in the midst of his millions he died of inanition.

That is not the half, reader. He had been a steady drinker, a daily drinker for twenty-eight years. He left a legacy to his children which he did not mention. Scrofula had been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the madhouse; the third and fourth were of unearthly beauty—there was a kind of grandeur in that beauty—but they were blighted and they paled and faded into heaven, we trust, in their sweetest teens; another is tottering on the verge of her grave, and only to one of them is left all the senses. —'Hall's Journal of Health.'

School Children and Drink.

Dr. A. MacNicholl, of New York City, in a report of an examination of the cause of mental deficiency in school children, undertaken in 1901, for the New York Academy of Medicine, said: 'In prosecuting this work I was forcibly impressed by the conspicuous position occupied by alcohol as a cause of mental deficiency of children. Alcohol, by destroying the integrity of the nerve structure, lowering the standard of organic relations, launches hereditary influences, which, by continuous transmission, gain momentum and leave their impact upon gland and nerve until mental faculties are demoralized, physical energies hopelessly impaired and the moral nature becomes degenerate and dies.'

The doctor found that of children of drinking parents, but of abstaining grandparents, 75 per cent. were dullards; of the children of abstaining parents and drinking grandparents, 18 per cent. were dullards; of the children of abstaining parents and grandparents, only 4 per cent. were dullards.

The fact is evident and only too true, therefore, that drink is a curse to the prosperity and well-being of society—a burden to the sober taxpayer, an enemy of the poor man's home and the cause of two-thirds of the evil of the world.—'National Advocate.'

Pictures.

Many of the full-page pictures in the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be framed—and, indeed, they are well worth it.

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HOUSEHOLD.

'If I Were Rich.'

Have you observed how some people always have these words on the tip of the tongue, 'If I were rich?' When they are called upon to give to some generally useful work they say, 'If I were rich I would give so much and so much!' Failing that, they give a ridiculous amount, very much below what they might give. Experience proves that this sort of people in general are of very little use to any one. They are the discontented and the selfish ones, and are actuated by the most evil spirit. In saying, 'If I were rich,' they blame those who are rich, and accuse them of a want of generosity. On themselves, however, they bestow the gratuitous brevet of liberality. If they were rich they would give by handfuls!

Like to these ill-balanced minds are the women who go about saying: 'If I were a man I would do thus and so!' 'If I were a man I would not permit this one or that one to do this or that injustice!' etc. Nine times out of ten these women are contented with the easy rôle of critic, but the good they do is nil.

Does the wren say, 'If I were a nightingale I would sing at night?' No! She is a wren and sings in the daytime and at her very best. Do likewise, young ladies! Do not waste your time in regretting that you are not men, but show us what may be done by a woman who is a real woman, a good woman, a woman after God's own heart.—Pastor Wagner, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Such a Little Way.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours,—feet fast or slow
And trying to keep pace,—if they mistake,
Or tread upon some flower that we should take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go,—can be
Together such a little while along the way,—
We will be patient while we may.

Frances E. Willard.

For the Busy Mother.

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Religious Notes.

The missionary conference at Philadelphia, representing a church membership of 20,000,000, has called upon President Roosevelt and King Edward to interpose in the affairs of the Congo Free State, to the end that cruelties there practiced may be brought to an end.

The foreign mission boards of the United States and Canada, at their thirteenth annual conference was discussed plans for a world-wide evangelistion campaign. The conference was composed of ministers and laymen of nearly all Protestant denominations.

Dr. Wilfrid T. Grenfell, whose beneficent work in Labrador and the northern peninsula of Newfoundland has awakened widespread interest, is spending a few months in the United States. His lectures and addresses have led to the organization of the Grenfell Association, of which Dr. Henry Van Dyke is president, and whose purpose is to secure annually at least $25,000 to enable Dr. Grenfell to carry on and extend the humane ministry of the hospital and other institutions which have proved of such advantage to the fisher folk of those inhospitable regions.

The Brahmin editor of the 'Daily Hindu,' of Madras, one of the strongest native papers in India, said: 'The glory has departed out of our religious institutions, and what once contributed to purify the minds of millions of men and women is now the groveling-ground of some of the most ignorant and wretched of human beings. The vast majority of the pious endowments are corrupt to the core. They are a festering mass of crime and vice and gigantic swindling.' Of the Brahmin priesthood of to-day the same editor says: 'It is the mainstay of every unholy, immoral and cruel custom and superstition in our midst, from the wretched dancing girl who insults the Deity by her existence to the pining child widow whose every tear and every hair of whose head shall stand up against us on the day of judgment.'—'Missionary Voice.'

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IF YOU CANNOT SEE IT If you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—**that ends the matter and you pay nothing.** How can we humbug you when you alone have the entire "say so"? How can you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are ailing and need help? What excuse have you? Read the offer and do not delay another day before writing for a package.

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William H. Cooke

OUR TRIAL OFFER

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized $1.00 package of Vitæ-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us $1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than $1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it? That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

WHAT VITÆ-ORE IS.

Vitæ-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitæ-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

Thousands of People

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitæ-Ore in relieving and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anæmia, Old Sores, and worn out conditions.

USED EIGHT YEARS IN FAMILY

STERLING, ILL.—I have used Vitæ-Ore in my family for eight years, during which time it has saved me many doctors' bills. It cured me of Rheumatism eight years ago and the cure is permanent, as I have never had any further trouble. My daughter cured herself of Diphtheria, using nothing but Vitæ-Ore. I shall alway keep it in the house.

MRS. R. C. THOMPSON, 403 8th Ave.

Permanently Cured

Used Two Packages Two Years Ago, Was Permanently Cured and Has Had No Return of the Trouble.

SENATH, MO.—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism ever since 1875 and have been so bad that I was almost paralyzed; at times I could hardly move more than if I were dead. I had tried several doctors and all the patent medicines I heard of. The doctors here all told me I was incurable. They said they could give me some temporary relief, but they could not cure me. Two years ago I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement; I knew I must do something or die and I sent for the trial package. I used it according to directions and sent for three more packages. Before I finished the second package I was entirely cured. I used the third package to make the cure sure. It is now two years since my cure, and I have not felt any trace of Rheumatism since. When I sent for the trial package I could not walk across the house and I did not weigh one hundred pounds; now I weigh 145 lbs. I am sixty-two years old and to-day I feel as if I were but twenty-five. I can do all my work and my washing and walk two miles to church and it does not tire me. The people here who knew me when I was sick, ask me what I have taken to be cured and to look so well. I tell them Vitæ-Ore and nothing else.

MRS. N. J. MILAM.

Cures Stomach Trouble

SOUTH BEND, IND.—I suffered terribly with **Stomach Trouble** for over fourteen years and for the last six years was unable to do any housework whatever. I was induced to try Vitæ-Ore, and since taking it **I feel like a different person** and am now able to attend to all my household duties. V.-O. has brought me back to health and I would not do without it in the house.

MRS. JOHN REEDER, 620 W. Water St.

Health IS WORTH TRYING FOR!

It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper and envelope, and writing us:

> "I am sick. I need Vitæ-Ore or something that will cure me. I have seen your trial offer. Send me a dollar package. I will use it and pay the dollar if I find it has helped me. I will not pay one penny if it does not help me."

That is all it takes. Just a letter asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick to-day" or "My back aches" or "That rheumatic leg is getting worse" or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, **ready and waiting for you to turn and get it,** is the thing that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking.

ELDERLY PEOPLE SHOULD USE IT.

As old age approaches the necessity for such a tonic as Vitæ-Ore becomes each year more and more manifest, and when taken regularly by middle-aged and elderly people it displays its usefulness in various ways. There is nothing so certain in life as the weakness of old age. The young MAY need a tonic, but the old MUST use one. Old age, like youth, makes demands upon the blood for nourishment of the body, but loss of appetite and impaired digestion deprives the blood of the nutriment which should be its portion. Sound, unbroken sleep is as much needed in age as in youth, to repair waste tissues, but fortunate indeed is the elderly man and woman who can sleep soundly throughout the entire night. The enlarged volume of waste products, due to the increasing tissue-breakdown of old age, requires additional functional activity in the kidneys to eliminate them from the system, and the kidneys of the aged are apt to be refractory.

Vitæ-Ore serves as an aid in most every disordered condition incidental to old age. It increases the appetite and desire for food at the same time that it improves the power to digest and assimilate it, so the blood may be enriched by the proper nutriment. By its beneficial action in the system it induces a sounder and more refreshing sleep, and assists the kidneys to perform the requisite action. It helps to prevent the rheumatic condition of the joints usually co-incidental with age, and by its general upbuilding powers to prolong vigor and activity to a ripe old age.

A TRIAL OF VITÆ-ORE WILL TELL YOU ITS OWN PLAIN STORY, A STORY THAT HAS MEANT COMFORT, PEACE, AND HAPPINESS TO THOUSANDS.

READ THE TESTIMONY. Read it again and again. No stronger words have ever been written about any other medicine; no better expressions are truthfully commanded by any other treatment. Vitæ-Ore is as different from other remedies as is pure milk from chalk and water, or the sunlight from a tallow candle. It does not take FAITH, does not take CONFIDENCE, does not take BELIEF, does not take even HOPE to cure with Vitæ-Ore It takes only a trial—all we ask. **This medicine enters the veins of the sick and suffering person and cures,** whether the sufferer believes in it or not, even whether he wants it or no. Its substances enter the blood, the vital organs, and **work, work, work**—a work that cures.

THEO. NOEL CO., Limited, N. M. Dept., Yonge street. **TORONTO, ONT.**